

George was the milkman. He had been the milkman of his town for years. He had a big, white cart. His horse was named Lou. Lou was not a fast horse. But she was very strong. She slowly pulled the horse cart up and down the streets.

George started before the sun came up. He filled the cart with milk and food. The cart kept them cold. He put in bottles of milk. He also put in juice and cheeses. He had the people's orders. He went up and down the streets. Lou quietly pulled the cart. All the people were still asleep.

The first stop was the Smiths. They had six children. They had one of the biggest orders in the town: two gallons of milk and one gallon of orange juice, one gallon of apple juice, three pounds of cheese, and a pint each of sweet cream and sour cream.

George left the order on their front door step.

Then he went to the next stop. It was where Mrs. Rose lived. She was a widow. She worked at Mills Drug Store. Her order was a half-gallon of milk and a pint of cream.

This morning she had left a note. It said, "Good morning, George. How are you? Please leave my regular order. I am making two pound cakes. Please add to my order. I need two pints of cream and three pints of sour cream. I also need two cups of cottage cheese. Thank you. Have a good day." It was signed, "Mrs. Rose."

George left her the order. Then he moved on down the road. He saw Muff. Muff was the Clarks' pet collie. Muff was bleeding. She may have been hit by a car. George rushed her home. He woke up the

Clarks. They looked at Muff in the light. She had been hit slightly. Mr. Clark washed the cut. Then he put a bandage on it. "Thank you, George," he said. "We are very grateful."

"You are welcome," said George. "I am always glad to help. I will go ahead and leave your milk order if that is OK with you." Mr. Clark took his order with a smile. Then he said good-bye to George.

Then George was on his way again. Old Lou plodded along. The milkman and his horse wondered what other adventures they would have along the way.

George was the milkman. He had been the 8
milkman of his town for years. He had a big, white 19
cart. His horse was named Lou. Lou was not a fast 30
horse. But she was very strong. She slowly pulled the 40
horse cart up and down the streets. 47

George started before the sun came up. He filled 56
the cart with milk and food. The cart kept them cold. 67
He put in bottles of milk. He also put in juice and 79
cheeses. He had the people's orders. He went up and 89
down the streets. Lou quietly pulled the cart. All the 99
people were still asleep. 103

The first stop was the Smiths. They had six 112
children. They had one of the biggest orders in the 122
town: two gallons of milk and one gallon of orange 132
juice, one gallon of apple juice, three pounds of cheese, 142
and a pint each of sweet cream and sour cream. 152

George left the order on their front door step.	161
Then he went to the next stop. It was where Mrs. Rose	173
lived. She was a widow. She worked at Mills Drug	183
Store. Her order was a half-gallon of milk and a pint of	196
cream.	197
This morning she had left a note. It said, "Good	207
morning, George. How are you? Please leave my	215
regular order. I am making two pound cakes. Please	224
add to my order. I need two pints of cream and three	236
pints of sour cream. I also need two cups of cottage	247
cheese. Thank you. Have a good day." It was signed,	257
"Mrs. Rose."	259
George left her the order. Then he moved on	268
down the road. He saw Muff. Muff was the Clarks'	278
pet collie. Muff was bleeding. She may have been hit	288
by a car. George rushed her home. He woke up the	299

Clarks. They looked at Muff in the light. She had	309
been hit slightly. Mr. Clark washed the cut. Then he	319
put a bandage on it. "Thank you, George," he said.	329
"We are very grateful."	333
"You are welcome," said George. "I am always	341
glad to help. I will go ahead and leave your milk order	353
if that is OK with you." Mr. Clark took his order with	365
a smile. Then he said good-bye to George.	374
Then George was on his way again. Old Lou	383
plodded along. The milkman and his horse wondered	391
what other adventures they would have along the way.	400